

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 136. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 8, 1846.

PRICE 1½d.

SENSE OF WRONGS.

THERE are as great differences amongst men with respect to their sense of injury, as in any other feeling of our nature. It would be trite and tedious to go into detail on this point, but it may be allowable to remind the reader how often we see one man bear that with patience, the twentieth part of which rouses deep and lasting resentment in another; how some may be all but literally trampled upon without greatly exciting their indignation, while others take fire at the slightest approach to an insult. Injustice seems to be written in water in some natures; in others it is the tracing of a hot iron upon the living flesh.

Consult the common moral code of society upon this subject, and you find a surprising diversity of maxim. Sometimes we hear that it is amiable to receive injury and insult with patience; perhaps there may even be a reference to a higher standard, which dictates that the one should be returned with good, while of the other we ought meekly to invite a repetition. At other times we hear much of its being manly to stand up against unjust aggression, of whatever kind. To resent affronts, and repel assaults upon our rights, is said to be only showing a proper spirit. More particularly is this tone assumed with regard to the honour and rights of great bodies of men, such as nations; and accordingly the wars of injured and oppressed peoples have ever been among the most favourite themes of history.

There is, nevertheless, in a keen sensibility to injury, an absolute character which it imports us much to lay down distinctly. Not denying that moderate feelings of resentment have a legitimate use—the appointed defence of the innocent and worthy against the unscrupulous—we ought clearly to see that it is nothing more than useful. Being a feeling which regards self alone, it never can be justly regarded as a moral feeling: that is reserved for sentiments which look primarily to the good of others: there can, therefore, be no true grace about the sense of injury. This is true of sensibility to injustice in all its forms, from an Helen Macgregor crazed with her husband's bankruptcy, to a Lecomte shooting at a venerable prince for being denied some trifling favour. There is hardly need to say more on the absolute nature of the feeling; yet we may remark, as perhaps its worst feature, the tribunal from which it obtains all its judgments. That tribunal is self. The patient ever becomes the judge of his own wrongs, and all he says and does in consequence is of the dangerous character of 'wild justice,' or justice taken at his own hands. Even where legal means are taken to redress injuries, this partial judge is usually at the bottom of the plea, prompting the procedure, exacting the last penalty of the bond, and too often pursuing other and extra-judicial measures to make the

desired end more certain. Such being the real nature of this feeling, we can only suppose that men sympathise with those complaining of injustice when the case touches their own interests, or is of a very gross and outrageous nature. But apart from such instances, it may be remarked that there is a general disposition to slight those who complain loudly and pertinaciously of injuries. Each man's selfhood contemns the selfhood of his neighbour.

And common observation of life will, we think, bear us out in saying that it is the selfish, as a class, who clamour most about their wrongs. Here possible exceptions must of course be allowed for. Yet we would insist that, generally, the person who is noted for complaints of grievances and persecutions is a selfish person. He feels keenly a loss of money, because he is selfishly fond of money. He suffers for years from some casual and perhaps unmeditated affront, because he is full of self-esteem. He takes bitterly to heart a failure in competition, because he secretly thinks there is no one equal to himself, or who has any claim when he is in the field. One never hears from such a person of any injuries suffered by others, although the world is confessedly full of wrong. He feels so exclusively for himself, as to be totally unconscious of the heart-sicknesses borne, perhaps more silently, by his fellow-creatures. Accordingly, a shipwreck might be passing before his windows, and he would fail to see it if some one were at the moment to break one of his panes. To such conduct that of the unselfish man is a complete contrast. He is placable, because, from a comparatively slender selfhood, he feels his own wrongs slightly. He is ready to forgive and forget before even the adversary who has done him the injustice, because he is more alive to what others, than to what himself, may suffer. *Ego* is little developed in him; therefore he is slow to take affronts, quick to overlook them. Even the goods of fortune he feels to be his by so modest a claim, that, when they are wrested from him, his sense of the severance is only superficial, and he sees comparatively little occasion to complain of it to the world. Such men are never seen to be spited at the world for their own sufferings in it. Injustice never appears to them a sufficient reason for withdrawing into their own shells, and systematically abstaining from efforts to sweeten society and alleviate human woe. No; they 'suffer long, and are kind.'

We also see the character of a keen sense of wrongs in the impulses to which it immediately leads. Starting as it may appear, all malignant passions, from deadly revenge down to domestic harshness, originate in, and are commensurate with, a sense of suffering in ourselves. The simple principle of vengeance is merely this—to make the other party suffer as much as we do, and till our own suffering ceases, which it generally does when a sufficient amount of retaliation has been

inflicted. Common bad temper, again, is only the expression of an inward uneasiness, either resulting from some casual and transient vexation, or resting in an original and unalterable discord of the natural feelings. Suffering—suffering alone—is the root of all the sourness and cruelty that darkens the earth. It follows that any unusual degree of sensibility to injury is extremely liable to be attended by a great and constant display of the malignant passions.

Seeing that the sense of wrong is liable to such associations, we may the more readily become convinced of its deficiency in that dignity and moral grace which the poets have sometimes conferred upon it. The indignant sorrows of heroes and heroines will no doubt affect us powerfully; but so do all displays of earnest feeling, on whatever account. We are excited—we sympathise—but our moral feelings remain dormant. These will stir wonderfully at the recital of woes borne in the manner of a Griselda; but they refuse to move under the vengeful declamations of a Constance.

The lesson here arrived at is, that, while resentment of wrong is often useful and justifiable, it is not a thing to be gloried in, as many do. The keeping up a wrath, for however true a cause, during many long years, is not a proper subject of boasting, as many by their conduct would seem to consider it. It is a self-delusion to expect to exalt ourselves in the eyes of our fellow-creatures by telling them that we received a mortal offence half a lifetime since, and have never since forgot it. Only when men sympathise with each other's selfishnesses, which is what they have never yet done, will they admire and applaud when a keen sense of wrong is displayed before them. The proper feeling regarding such displays is pity. And well may this be entertained on such occasions, since, to tell us that you have kept up a bitterness for a series of years, is only to confess that you have all that time been unhappy. Who could look without compassion on one who is liable by each little rub of life to be deprived of his peace for some large segment of his existence?

There are many, of course, to whom such a preachment as this can be of no use. The selfish will be querulous, the benevolent will be placable and long-suffering, without any regard to speculations on the origin of their feelings. There is, however, a class, and that not a small one, who are ready to act very much as they may be guided by what they are accustomed to see and hear. For their sake, it is well to lay down in this manner the distinction between a dull and a keen sense of wrong. Let it be clearly understood by them, that to be placable is not to be tame or weak, but to act unselfishly, and in the way that tends to promote the good of society; while all manifestation of bitter and long-enduring resentment is only a proclamation of selfishness and of a self-war against the world. Let this be understood, and they will at once see whether it is best to reply with the soft or the hard word; to make a concession for peace' sake, or fight out a perhaps doubtful right; to scatter the ashes of the fire of resentment, and look up in the sunshine a genial, free-hearted, manly man, or to heap them together, that they may in time burn ourselves as well as others.

NARRATIVE OF JUAN VAN HALEN.*

ARRESTED BY THE INQUISITION.

DON JUAN VAN HALEN was born in the Isle of Leon, in Spain, on the 16th of February 1790. His mother was of an ancient Spanish family; his father was of Belgic origin, and had served in the Spanish navy. Juan was sent at an early age to the naval college, and having completed his studies, was appointed a lieutenant, and fought in the memorable battle of Trafalgar; after which he retired to Madrid, where he resided when

Napoleon Bonaparte invaded Spain. He immediately took up arms in defence of his country, and was wounded in the bloody skirmish which took place between the French and the Spaniards on the Prado, or public walk, at Madrid, on the 2d of May. He was obliged to flee from the city on the same day, in order to avoid sharing the dreadful fate of many of his countrymen, whom Napoleon had commanded to be shot; and hastened to Galicia, where he fought under the command of General Blake.

Soon after this, articles of capitulation were agreed upon between the French and the Spaniards, and Van Halen, hoping to be more useful to his country by remaining at Madrid than by becoming an exile, took the oath of submission to Joseph Bonaparte, who now mounted the throne of Spain. When this king was driven from his new dominion by the rightful possessor of the Spanish crown, Juan, having received great favours from him, followed him to France, and remained for some time in retirement at Bordeaux.

In the year 1813, the Spanish government offered a full pardon to all those who had served under Joseph Bonaparte, and thus Van Halen had liberty to return to his native land. He presented himself to the Spanish general at Barcelona, who, in order to test his fidelity, gave him a dangerous commission. This he executed with success, and was immediately appointed aid-camp to the general-in-chief, and was mentioned in the Gazette of Madrid as 'a young man who had acted the part of a true patriot, by exposing his life to great danger for the benefit of his country.'

Thus far our hero's life was prosperous; but misfortunes soon overtook him; and, in order to understand these thoroughly, we must take a short review of the state of Spain at that time. Ferdinand VII., who had been driven from his throne by the French, was a weak and irresolute prince; he suffered himself to be ruled by those around him, and spent his time in frivolous occupations; he is even said to have embroidered dresses for the various images of the Virgin Mary. His subjects, hoping that he would have profited by his misfortunes, restored him to the throne; but their hopes were vain, for he was perfidious and ungrateful, promising what he never meant to perform, and betraying those whom he had previously flattered. The faithful defenders of their country were punished, religious fanaticism reigned over all, and the beautiful kingdom of Spain was left to the mercy of the Inquisition. This was a tribunal established in the year 1204, by Innocent III. (the same pope who had obliged King John to do homage to him for the crown of England), to judge those who dissented from the Roman Catholic religion. The head of the court was called the Grand Inquisitor, and he acknowledged no superior but the pope; those who were so unfortunate as to fall under his displeasure, were seized, carried into dungeons under ground, and tried in the dead of night. The victims very often did not even know the crime of which they were accused, nor were they allowed to defend themselves. This infamous tribunal possessed more power in Spain than in any other country. It had been established there by Isabella of Castile, a woman so good and so gentle, that, instead of blaming her, we must pity the superstition and religious bigotry which led her to think it right to introduce into her kingdom an institution so contrary to Christianity. The days which the Romish Church ordered to be kept as festivals were in Spain desecrated by the barbarous spectacle of the *auto-da-fe*, or the burning of those poor wretches condemned by the Inquisition. The procession, consisting of the victims, clothed in terrific attire, of the inquisitor-general, richly dressed, riding on a white horse, and of various monks and officers, moved slowly from the prison to the place of execution; the bells tolled mournfully; and a large concourse, including even kings and queens, assembled to witness this fearful spectacle. Some were strangled, and then burned; but most were burned alive, amid the shouts of the mob. Happily, Christianity is, by degrees,

* Translated, with abridgment, from Van Halen's own narrative, published in 1827.

becoming more understood, and such fearful cruelties are in a great measure laid aside.

We must return to Juan Van Halen. He was stationed with his regiment at the city of Jaen, and on the 8th of December 1815, was present at a family festival held by a friend named Perez. Just after the party was seated at dinner, the colonel of the regiment desired to speak to Van Halen, and informed him that he had received an order from the king to arrest him, and to take possession of all his papers. Thinking it a matter of but slight importance, Van Halen made no resistance, and was placed in the guard-room of the barracks, where he remained nineteen days. He was then sent, under a strong escort, to Malaga, where he was met by the governor of the city, from whom he received intelligence that the king had suspected him of plans to overthrow the government, and had therefore ordered that he should be immediately shot. Montijo, governor of the province of Granada, was, despite this command, determined to save Juan, and wrote to the king in his favour. Ferdinand denied that he had ever given such an order; and, after various applications, publicly proclaimed Van Halen's innocence, and promoted him to the rank of lieutenant-colonel.

Our hero now took up his abode in the city of Murcia, and we might expect that he would, in future, be cautious in his words and actions; but this was not the case. One of his most intimate friends was General Torrijos, who, discontented with the state of affairs, had, with some others, formed societies to second a rebellion, which was on the point of breaking out in Catalonia. This officer sent Van Halen to Gibraltar, in order to confer with some friends there; and various meetings were held during the night, at the different towns in which the disaffected persons resided. These were discovered by a servant, who, suspecting some plot, examined his master's papers during his absence, and immediately set out for Madrid to betray what he had found out. On the 21st of September, while Van Halen was absent on a party of pleasure, a body of soldiers surrounded his house, and two men, enveloped in cloaks, knocked for admittance. The servant appeared at the window, threatening to shoot them if they did not withdraw: they answered that they were General Iriberry and the senior inquisitor. The former ordered the soldiers to force the door; and Iriberry entering, searched the house, and took possession of a box of papers. About four in the morning Van Halen returned home, and upon ascending the steps, was seized by the soldiers, Iriberry saying in a haughty tone, 'I arrest you in the name of the king.' The bishop's carriage was then sent for, and Juan was carried to the Inquisition. This building had been in ruins, but was being rebuilt; and as the new prisons were not yet ready for occupation, our hero was ordered to follow the jailer to one of the four cells which yet remained of the old edifice. These dungeons were on a level with the river, which flowed through the town, so that they were very damp, and infested by rats. The light was admitted through narrow loopholes, and a bench of brick constituted the bed of those who were so unhappy as to be immured in these cells. However, the inquisitors endeavoured to make this wretched abode tolerably comfortable for Juan, and furnished him with bedding, a small table, and other necessities. Among those who were connected with the secret societies we have mentioned, was a young man named Serafin del Rio, and a jeweller of the name of Fabry; these were also seized, their papers taken away, and they were confined in two dungeons adjoining that of Van Halen's.

At ten o'clock the following morning General Iriberry entered the prison, accompanied by the jailer, and in a rough manner desired Van Halen to follow him to the great hall of the Inquisition. Here were seated the senior inquisitor and many other officers, who immediately commenced an examination of the prisoner's papers; and having done this, commanded

him to sign an inventory of them. He was then reconducted to his dungeon. During the examination of the documents, Van Halen had contrived to take away one of great importance, and to secrete it, unobserved, in his coat sleeve. On reaching his dungeon, he sought in vain for some method of destroying it, and was at last obliged to swallow it, as the safest means he could devise to prevent its discovery. The jailer visited these dungeons every evening, in order to bring the prisoners a cup of chocolate; and during one of these visits Van Halen, who had received permission to walk for an hour in the gallery into which the cells opened, examined closely the doors and loopholes of the passage. He found the doors of the other cells closed; and being convinced that these were inhabited, he began singing, and to his great delight was answered by a voice, which he recognised as that of his friend Serafin del Rio. Each related the occurrences which had taken place; and Van Halen found, as he had suspected, that Calvo, the servant, had been his betrayer, and that a box of papers which had been intrusted to his care was now in the hands of government. Several days passed on, during which the incarcerated friends contrived to communicate with one another, till at length the jailer, accompanied by an inquisitor named Castaneda, informed Juan that the new prisons were completed, and that he was to proceed thither immediately.

This new prison could not be called a dungeon. It was situated on the second floor of the building, and was about twenty-four feet square and eighteen feet high. The floor was of brick, and at the top were two large cross-barred windows, looking into the gallery; the bed was upon a large board, fastened with rings to the wall, as was also the table and the bench; at the end of the room, opposite the bed, was a large cross, painted green. We will now make use of the prisoner's own words in describing what occurred during his abode here.

'I waited impatiently for the evening, to see whether I should be allowed my accustomed walk; but the day passed without this indulgence. I heard Serafin's voice singing a hymn, among the verses of which he introduced the number of his prison. On the following day I did not leave my abode, and time passed heavily till the 2d of October, when Castaneda entered my prison, and informed me that I was to start for Madrid the following day. I contrived, after he was gone, to announce, by singing, my intended departure to Serafin. The next day the jailer begged to know my wishes respecting the furniture of my house, which had not been confiscated. I wrote a paper desiring it might be given to Serafin del Rio; thus feigning ignorance of his arrest. The jailer muttered something about Serafin's absence from home, and then retired greatly embarrassed. At one o'clock in the morning I was informed all was ready for my journey, and I was conducted through the streets to the carriage which was prepared for me, and which stood at the gate of a convent. Castaneda here took leave of me, and Iriberry, his adjutant, and myself, entered the carriage. We travelled many leagues without meeting any one, until we arrived the second night at an inn, where were many travellers. Among these I descried an old friend of my father's; but as I was closely muffled up, he did not recognise me, and I dared not ask Iriberry's permission to speak with him, though I longed for some intelligence of my family.

'At last we arrived at Madrid, and the carriage stopped at the door of the Inquisition—a splendid building, in a street of the same name. We went in, ascended a handsome staircase, and were conducted to a study, where we found the senior inquisitor seated in an arm-chair. He seemed to know my name; and presently, when the jailer appeared, ordered him to conduct me to a dungeon in the most retired part of the prison. Iriberry shook hands with me, and I followed my conductor down several flights of stairs, until we arrived at the cell, where another jailer was waiting. I entered, and the doors were closed upon me.'

The prison in which this unfortunate man was now

confined was built on the same plan as that we formerly mentioned, except that each of the double doors which secured it had a small aperture in the middle. At about six paces from the dungeon, in the short passage leading to it, was another door, which separated this part of the building from the staircase leading to the rest of the cells and to the jailers' apartments. The members of the holy court consisted of a senior inquisitor, two judges, an attorney named Yorilla, and two keepers—Don Juanito Sanchez and Don Marcelino Villa. The last of these two keepers was a middle-aged man, of prepossessing appearance: he had married when young, and having no children, had adopted a girl taken from the Foundling Hospital at Madrid. The other keeper was a young man, who had been brought up from his infancy in the secrets of this infamous tribunal, and, it may be imagined, not desirous of showing kindness towards its unfortunate victims. The treatment which Van Halen experienced here was much severer than that at Murcia: he was forbidden the use of any steel or sharp instruments, and his food was served to him ready cut, with a wooden spoon to eat it with; two jailers cleaned out the dungeon every second or third day.

For a week our hero was left in a wretched state of incertitude as to his fate. He had, before he left Murcia, demanded an audience of the king, and had even written to him to urge this favour more strongly; but no decided answer had been returned to him until the 18th of October, when Don Marcelino, Yorilla, and a third person, enveloped in a large cloak, entered his cell. The latter addressed the prisoner thus:—'His majesty has granted you an audience; remember that it is with the king that you are going to speak, and be open in your communications; to-morrow evening you will see our beloved monarch, and if you do not behave to his majesty's satisfaction, *tremble!* for there is no punishment, however rigorous, that will not be inflicted upon you.'

The next day the jailer desired Van Halen to put on the clean linen and the uniform which he had brought him; and Arellano, the king's messenger and favourite, entered, dressed in a gaudy manner, and commanded Van Halen to follow him to the king's presence. The king was alone when Arellano and his prisoner entered; and upon the latter kneeling to kiss his hand, asked him why he desired an audience?

'Sire,' replied Van Halen, 'because, if your majesty would deign to hear me leisurely, you would dismiss those prejudices which you have formed against me.'

'But you belong to a conspiracy against your king. Who are your accomplices?'

Arellano here pushed a pen and paper to Van Halen, commanding him to write the names of those concerned in the plot.

'I know not one, sire,' answered Don Juan.

'To the Inquisition with him!' cried the favourite; 'that court will extort his secrets by means of the rack.'

The king was displeased at Arellano's violence, and merely added, 'Tell me, by writing, what you have to say.' Van Halen kissed his hand, retired, and was taken back to his dungeon. On being left alone, he commenced immediately writing his petition to the king, which Yorilla sealed, and carried away, in order to send it to the Escorial, a palace about seven leagues from Madrid, where the court had just gone to reside, to celebrate a festival in memory of the obsequies of the former kings of Spain. This absence of the monarch was unfortunate for the prisoner, as he was left for many days in ignorance of the result of his application.

Meanwhile Juan's father, having heard a rumour of his son's arrest at Murcia, became very anxious, and inquired at the Inquisition concerning him, but could gain no information. In fact he seems not to have known that his son was at Madrid until very long after this time, nor did he even learn the origin of

his misfortunes; so secretly was all the business of the holy court transacted.

Some days after Van Halen had despatched his petition to the king, Don Marcelino and two officers entered his dungeon. They cross-examined him very closely, adding that they were the officers commissioned to draw up a verbal process against him; and the next week he was visited by Villar Frontin, the king's secretary, who begged him most earnestly to disclose the names of those concerned in the plot. This he steadily refused to do; and the king, much displeased, gave orders that the whole affair should be placed in the hands of the Inquisition. The prisoner was summoned to appear before this tribunal. We will give his account of the court and its proceedings.

At seven o'clock in the evening the jailers entered, and having searched me, conducted me to the hall of the tribunal, at the farther extremity of which stood a long table upon a platform, with the seats of the officers near it. A large cross, surmounted by a palm branch and a sword, stood in the middle of the table; and under a canopy, on one side, was the president's chair. I was led to the platform to take my oath, which I did by placing my hand on the cross, and repeating after the senior inquisitor a long creed on the mysteries of the Catholic religion. Yorilla then commenced examining me so skilfully, that my answers were limited to a simple *yes* or *no*. I felt much embarrassed, particularly when I was asked to swear to the signatures of letters from various friends, which they had found among my papers; but I succeeded in defeating the hopes of my judges, who imagined that they would have been able to have extorted much from me. My answers were taken down, and I was desired to sign these without their being read over to me; and after I had done this, I begged permission to have an advocate to plead my defence.

'And who would you have?' said Yorilla, breathless.

'Don Pedro Cano; he lives in Madrid, and has known me several years.'

'It cannot be,' answered he. 'You may choose from the list which will be presented to you when the time arrives; but none but those belonging to the holy office are allowed to plead here.'

I was then dragged back to my dungeon in excessive agitation of mind, and with a burning thirst, which, owing to my water-jug being left empty, I was not able to quench.

A second time was Don Juan dragged before the tribunal; various papers were placed before him, and he was asked if that were his signature which was attached to them. He denied having signed these; and a list of five hundred names of persons high in rank and office was presented to him, and he was asked to name those whom he knew. Happily he was acquainted with very few of those mentioned, and he still steadily refused to implicate any of his friends.

'The truth is what we expect to hear from you,' said Yorilla, red with passion; 'be certain that all the crimes of those whom you endeavour to shield will be visited upon you. The tribunal grants you twenty-four hours to choose either your salvation or your ruin. Take him away,' added he, turning to the jailer; and Van Halen was again led to his dungeon.

The excitement of this last examination, and the certainty that some horrible fate awaited him, now brought on a fever, and he begged Yorilla to give him water to quench his thirst. This inhuman man poured some water into the washing-basin, and giving it to the wretched sufferer, said, 'Drink there, like the savages of Africa; you have no more religion than they.'

About eight o'clock in the evening, says Van Halen, 'Don Juanito entered my dungeon, followed by four other men, whose faces were concealed by a piece of black cloth, shaped above the head like a cone, and pulling over the shoulders and chest, in the middle of which were two holes for the eyes. I was half asleep, when the noise of the doors opening awoke me; and by the

dim light of the lantern I perceived these dreadful apparitions. Imagining I was labouring under the effects of a dream, I gazed earnestly on the group, till one of them approached, and pulling me by the leathern strap with which my arms were bound, gave me to understand by signs that I was to rise. Having obeyed, my face was covered with a leathern mask, and I was conducted through various passages, until we entered a room, where I heard Yorilla order the attendants to untie the strap.

"Listen," said he. "You have hitherto been deaf to the commands of this holy tribunal; and as you will not obey, we will extort the truth from you by violence." I was hurried to the farther end of the room, and two high crutches were placed under my arms; my right arm was tied to the crutch, and my left was kept in a horizontal position. They then encased my hand in a wooden glove, which shut very tightly, and from which two iron bars extended to the shoulder. My legs were tied to the crutches, so that I could not move a muscle. Yorilla then demanded "if I did not belong to a society whose object was to overthrow the throne and the Catholic religion?" I denied it; and immediately the glove, which seemed to be resting on the edge of a wheel, began to turn, and I felt acute pain from the hand to the shoulder. A convulsive shudder ran through my frame, and I fainted. When I recovered my senses, I found myself stretched on the floor; my mask was removed, and I saw that Don Juanito and Yorilla were the only persons in the apartment. I was dragged to my bed, and spent the night in a burning fever, which before morning brought on delirium.* He was now attended by Dr Gil, the physician of the prison, who ordered the irons which fastened his arms together to be removed, and poultices were applied to lessen the inflammation. For several days he hovered between life and death; but at length, through the care and attention of his medical attendant—who seems to have felt some pity and kindness towards him—he recovered, though suffering much from weakness.

We now come to a humble heroine—the girl to whom Van Halen was ultimately indebted for his life and liberty. We have before mentioned that Don Marcelino had adopted an orphan girl from the Foundling Hospital at Madrid. She was about sixteen years of age at the time that Marcelino was appointed governor of the prison, and from that time she had been intrusted with the menial services required in the prisons. The attention with which she performed these duties had gained her the confidence of all the officers, except Don Juanito, who never lost an opportunity of injuring her, hoping thereby to cause her removal. Don Marcelino, however, permitted her to enter all the passages of the prison, without watching or following her; and she had thus many opportunities of showing kindness to the unhappy victims.

'On Easter Sunday,' continues our hero, 'the prisons were always visited by the officers of the holy court; and this year the curiosity excited about me was so great, that a larger number of inquisitors and familiars than was usual attended. However, I was spared the uncomfortableness of seeing these men; for I heard Yorilla tell them, as they approached my prison-door, that they had seen all the prisoners, and he ordered them to withdraw. I discovered afterwards that he did this in order to prevent my seeing Don Manuel Centurion, chamberlain to the king, and a very old friend of my father's, who had joined the inquisitors that day in the hope of discovering in what condition I was; for Don Juanito had previously told him that I was confined in one of these dungeons. My unhappy family, who had awaited Don Manuel's return from his visit in great anxiety, were overwhelmed with grief at hearing that he had not seen me, particularly my mother, who had already petitioned the king for my forgiveness, but without success. Towards evening I suffered so much from pain in my chest, that I retired to bed; but at the moment I lay down on my mattress, I felt a little lump,

just in the middle. I looked, and found that it was the upper part of an ear-ring. This discovery cheered me, for I had no difficulty in guessing its owner; and I tried to devise some means of answering this sign. At last, hoping that my dungeon would be swept the next day, I wound some of my hair round the ear-ring, and left it in the same place where I had found it.—(To be concluded in next number.)

INDICATIONS OF VEGETABLE INSTINCT.*

In a previous paper, we gave some account of those singular motions which have been noticed in the organs of certain plants, remarking that it is apparently a mistake to believe spontaneity of motion to be the peculiar attribute of animal organisations. Our attempt, in the present instance, will be to exhibit another aspect of the subject, and to give a few indications which seem to point to the conclusion, that the vegetable world is also in the possession of a species and degree of instinct or sensation.

Until of late, it has been the universal opinion that both these endowments must be denied to vegetables; but with the progressive discovery of the motions alluded to, and of the several facts about to be related, this belief is giving way to what seems a perfectly allowable deduction from these facts—an opinion of precisely the opposite character, however startling it may appear to many who have hitherto regarded plants as only a grade above the inorganic kingdom. A short consideration of the subject, in the following manner, may prepare the way for the admission; and we believe few who will calmly discuss the question, will leave it with a doubt upon the mind. If the evidence can scarcely be considered as conclusive, it is at all events of such a remarkable, plain-speaking character, as to call for a certain amount of credence and attention.

It is scarcely necessary to remind the reader, that at what may be called the confines of the zoological kingdom, there exist certain simple forms of animalcules, in which no nerves are, by our present instruments, to be discerned; but we can hardly conceive these creatures to be destitute of them, when we find that they execute movements of a character bearing the most precise analogy to those of higher orders of created beings. Thus they chase their prey through the water; in turn they themselves flee from their enemies: they possess the liveliest powers of locomotion, at the complete control of the creature; are endowed with the power of digestion, and of the perception and discrimination of their appropriate nutriment; which are all functions in nobler creations, dependent upon the existence, if not of centres of sensation, at any rate of nervous fibres. It is easy, therefore, to believe that in their case nerves, and a stimulative tissue not necessarily identical with ordinary nerves and muscles, do exist, but are imperceptible, owing to our defective and limited powers of investigation. But when these analogical inferences are developed to a point yet further, when they are made to embrace conifers, the humblest of vegetable forms, a difficulty arises in the admission of the existence of nerves or muscles, for which no other cause can be adduced than that, in the more complex structures of the same kingdom, such an apparatus is not to be found; physiologists hesitating to admit the existence of other excitable tissues than animal muscle, and of other stimulus-conveying fibres than animal nerves. An assumption like this is not absolutely necessary. It is impossible to say that certain vegetable organs and tissues only discharge one function; it is perfectly conceivable that they may be endowed with two or more, abstractedly. Who, for example, could witness an oc-

* To prevent misapprehension, it seems necessary for us to state that this and a previous paper are the composition of a naturalist who has forwarded them for our insertion. Believing that the subjects of which they treat are full of novelty and interest, we give them a place, without vouching in any respect for the accuracy of the writer's hypotheses or conclusions.—Ed.

cillatorial filament wriggle itself out of a plate, and move towards the light with an invincible pertinacity, and could feel a doubt that it possessed the instinct that light was good for it; in obedience to which impulse, it was using every effort in its power to reach it? Place by its side a humble animalcule, which, with movements of equal vivacity, dances hither and thither in its native element, and let science put her finger upon the point where sensation ceases on the one side, and some new faculty commences on the other.

Taking a hurried survey of the striking movements enumerated in a former paper. Here are plants folding close their delicate organs from the cold evening air, expanding them again to the genial sunbeam; here are plants shrinking from the drenching rain, or opening to welcome the refreshing shower, as their different constitutions may suggest; here are some casting forcibly off every intruder to the honey cell; here are others, on the contrary, spreading their leafy traps for the capture of such offenders; here are a few abashed and shrinking from the touch; and finally, were St Vitus's Dance a vegetable malady too, here is one—the *Desmodium gyrans*—which is decidedly a victim to it.

Leaving, however, the discussion to another and more befitting arena, we would proceed to indicate that, putting aside the question of the amount of sensation involved in the motions referred to, there are other and even more remarkable points of view from which to contemplate the subject.

There is a class of poisons which may be shown to operate purely upon the sensation of animals, causing no chemical or physical disorganisation of their structure; these are opium, belladonna, Prussic acid, nuxvomica, tobacco, &c. If, now, it can be shown that these agents act in a deleterious manner upon plants, we have the presumptive evidence of strong analogy in support of the idea of vegetable sensation. M. Marcet has set the question at rest. From his experiments, it has been found that, even in minute quantities, the poisons specified are destructive to vegetable life. If a leaf of the sensitive plant is cut off, and placed in pure water, it curls up its leaflets, but in a short time they again expand, and retain their irritability for several days, expanding and shrinking up as on the plant itself, when touched with the finger or with a needle; but if another leaf is cut off, and placed upon water, to which a solution of belladonna has been added, the leaflets collapse, and subsequently expand; but after this it seems paralysed—its life is extinct, and even if it is then put into pure water, it no longer can be made to contract. Electricity, extreme cold, mineral poisons, arsenic, &c. are productive of similar consequences. Every one is familiar with that simple experiment, the fumigation of a rose-tree, to destroy the insects which infest it. It affords us an instance of the action of a narcotic poison not only upon the insects, but also upon the plant itself. The little creatures tumble from the branches, stupefied with the tobacco fumes. And at the same time it may be observed that the leaves of the rose droop, some of its youngest and tenderest branches hanging down, and only recovering, after exposure to a purer atmosphere, their former position and healthy aspect. The effect of these poisons obviously indicates that all plants possess an occult principle, having a certain analogy to sensation. It is found, also, that when certain chemical substances in solution are presented to their roots, the foreign matter is carried into the circulating system of the plant, but is almost invariably, if it is unsuitable for its nutrition or for the formation of its secretions, carried down again, and thrown off by the roots. Even in the selection of its proper food by the delicate spongiolate of the root, it would seem as if some kind of discerning faculty were in operation, which at any rate may be compared to animal instinct.

The struggle which plants growing in a cellar or darkened room make towards the light, however small the glimmer which may pierce the darkness, and the sedulous manner in which the radicle and plumule of

the germ respectively avoid and seek the same influence, seem to speak in similar language. Every one who has watched the growth of the tendrils of the vine, or the stem of the creeping plant, must have observed that neither make any turns until they come into contact with some object around which they can twine; so that, up to a certain point, the stem of the most inveterately-twisting plant remains as straight as possible; but at the point of contact with another body, a volition immediately commences, and thenceforward it proceeds in a spiral direction around the object held in its embrace. In the case of the briony, simple contact with the object is not sufficient to cause the twisting of the stem. To prove this, the experiment of tying it with a string at a certain point has been made; but the plant made no attempt to twist at that point. A small weight was then attached to the string, and the tendrils immediately began to shorten itself by making several spiral turns. This seems to indicate that the tendrils of the briony, naturally, will twist only when it has the weight of the stem to support. The writer who records this experiment, and whose striking phraseology is almost indicative of his name, adds, 'it is a hand seeking in the dark, and grasping what it has felt by the action of muscles remote from the sensible point.'

The remarkable manner in which plants search for their food, within certain limits comparable to that of animals, appears to imply the existence of some higher impulse than mere fortuity. The strawberry plant will thrust its 'runners' completely across a garden walk, on to a bed of soil on the opposite side, where it will for the first time, as it were, perceiving its object to be gained, push out roots, and form a new plant. It is not uncommon to find travellers relating the most singular freaks played by trees and plants in quest of nutriment. Trees are sometimes found which have taken root on one side of a deep ravine, and having exhausted the sterile soil on that side, have pushed forth roots completely across the abyss, which have gained its opposite side, and there struck deep into more fertile ground. Plants are often to be found which have rooted in old walls; but soon experiencing the want of soil, extend long roots in the direction of the ground, which they penetrate, and then form radicles. If the roots of a plant are accidentally denuded, and there happens to be some moist substance, as wet moss, in their neighbourhood, they direct themselves towards it, and eventually succeed in reaching it.

A modern and eminent writer narrates, that 'among the noble collection of palm-trees cultivated by the Messrs Loddige of Hackney, near London, was one furnished with hooks near the extremity of the frond, evidently designed for attaching it to the branches of trees for support, when growing in its native forest. The ends of the fronds were all pendent but one, which, being nearest to the rafters of the conservatory, lifted its end several feet to fasten to the rafter: none of the other fronds altered their position, as they could not have reached the rafter had they attempted to do so.' What a striking recognition, in the tree, of an evidently fortuitous circumstance! What but instinct could have directed that vegetable hand to the roof for its support? and what but that keep pendent the branches which would have sought it in vain? We may conceive a similar impulse to direct the branches of the great banyan-tree, when they can no longer support the ponderous vegetation, to send down roots which shall form at once a support and a source of fresh nutriment to it, extending the giant tree in every direction around the parent trunk.

The pandanus, or screw-pine, so called from the cork-screw-like arrangement of its leaves, commonly found in Madagascar, the Isle of France, and the Indian Archipelago, affords us a most curious example of a self-preservative instinct. The tree has somewhat the appearance as if the earth had been removed from its roots, leaving them dangling in the air. This arises from its sending down long aerial roots for some distance

above the ground. These roots are protected at their extremities by a loose cup-like investment of cellular membrane, which defends the delicate tissue of the tip from any injury until it reaches the soil, where its use is at an end, and the roots then bury themselves in the earth. The trunk of the tree is supported at some distance from the ground by a number of such roots, and as it year by year increases in size and weight, there would be a risk of the downfall of the whole structure, were it not that, to compensate for the increasing ponderosity of the trunk, fresh roots are thrown out, which, reaching the ground, form fresh props to the superstructure, acting also as buttresses against the too great bending of the tree before the wind. But it is worthy of remark, that if the tree leans to one side, endangering its safety during the next storm, it puts out roots, at some distance above all the rest, on the inclining side, which reach the earth, and form supports to the trunk perfectly analogous in their intention and use to the shores and timber-work used by human architects to prop up a building in danger of falling.

Plants, in a few instances, would appear as if endowed with a care for their offspring. Not to enumerate the mechanical contrivances for this end, which do not belong to our subject, the mangrove, for example, retains its berries until they are firmly rooted by its side, when the parental connexion is at an end. This is true also of other plants; while some, whose drooping flowers would drop the ripened seed at the period of its maturation, erect their stems, as if to prevent the seeds falling out.

Vegetable instinct seems also to find an illustration in the adaptability of plants to different climates. It is well known that plants brought from tropical countries, after a little time inure themselves to the altered circumstances of the soil and temperature of temperate latitudes: the most familiar instances are the potato and the dahlia, both natives of tropical climates. Kalm, one of the disciples of Linnæus, relates that apple-trees sent from this country to New England blossomed for a few years too early for that climate, and bore no fruit, but after that learnt to accommodate themselves to their new situation. It is a fact, that seeds and roots brought from southern latitudes germinate in our country sooner than others brought from more northern ones—although exposed to equal conditions of temperature—owing to their acquired habits; but these in time fall in with the new conditions.

To take a concluding glance at the subject. It is manifestly impossible in this place, as indeed it would also be inappropriate, to do more than collect a few scattered instances of phenomena of daily occurrence in the vegetable world which seem to point to the possession of a certain amount of sensation by them. In an inquiring spirit we may ask the nature and the cause of these, while it would be presumptuous to pronounce a decided opinion upon the question. It is reserved for modern science to link these phenomena together, and refer them to their proper cause; ours is the more humble attempt to awaken an interest, which may stimulate further and deeper research.

But while the present state of our information forbids all dogmatism upon the subject, we are by no means precluded from the formation of a strong and not unreasonable supposition that some such faculty as sensation, in a low, and often in an obscure degree, appears to exhibit itself in some, if not actually in all the examples detailed. Until the contrary is proved, let us be content with this, which, at all events, is an ennobling and exalting belief: it is one which elevates our conceptions of the great Creator's benevolence in all his operations; and whether we agree or not with Wordsworth—

* And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

there can be no question that the subject demands considerably more attention and consideration than it has hitherto received.

Were we to indulge in the dreams of poetic imaginings, we might expand our views, and conceive—probably not altogether without truth, even where no more prominent indications of vegetable instinct and sensation exist than are to be found in the fresh luxuriance of a thriving vegetation—that there is a world of sentient creatures delighting in the balmy rain, gladly welcoming the returning sun, and silently resting during the shades of night; rejoicing in a measure of happiness which, if not strictly comparable with that of higher beings, yet is all good of its kind, and adds its humble voice to the hourly anthem offered by creation to Creative love.

In bringing the subject to a close we may borrow the words of an author before cited, and, while unwilling to express a decided opinion upon the subject, we may still confess our own strong inclination to his belief:—“If the daisy, the germ struggling for the surface, the tendril searching for support, the root seeking water, the mimosa, and the hedyasrum, are without metaphysical powers, without sensations of consciousness, whence should the sponge and the alcyonium (recognised members of the zoological family) possess them?”

A TRADITION OF SARK.

THE small island of Sark, or, as it is sometimes called, Serk, is situated in the British Channel, somewhat between, and to the southward of its better-known neighbours, Alderney and Guernsey. In fair weather, it is easily discernible from Port St Peter in the latter island, being distant about seven miles—an hour and a half's sail, under the most favourable conditions, owing to the prevalence of strong currents, which in some cases literally race between the islands. As thus seen, it presents the most singular appearance. To my own mind, there is no simile which seems to picture it more completely than that of conceiving it to be a vast wart stuck in the green waters, with rugged sides and a verdant summit. This will only faintly convey the impression of the precipitous character of the mural ramparts with which the island breasts and defies the Atlantic stream rushing up the Channel. The British seas own scarcely such another island as Sark. It is a natural citadel, shut up on every side, and built, as it were, to defy the entrance of mankind: its perpendicular sides are cleft into deep abysses, which seem to yawn with fearful omen upon all intruders; while every now and then some great wave breaks over their mouths, filling the air with a thunder of the most mournful and depressing character. The surrounding waves bristle with sharp rocks, which assume the most grotesque and hideous forms I ever beheld—huge elephants, giants' heads and arms, pinnacled spires, pyramids, heads of animals—and from the face of one black rock looks forth a gigantic countenance, grinning a grim defiance. These accessories appear as if set by nature as huge sentinels to guard the privacy of the isle. Tradition and history concur in informing us of the fearful shipwrecks which these natural defences have caused; and it is still more melancholy to think that the great caverns, over which the waters idly splash now, have formerly resounded to the drowning shriek of the unhappy seaman.

From an outline so forbidding as this, it may be conjectured that it was long ere Sark was inhabited by man. The gray gull probably held undisputed dominion over it for centuries. It was about the sixth century, if history is to be relied on, before a human being entered the island, at least to dwell there. The first occupant, having a just appreciation of the peculiar appropriateness of the island for seclusion, was, as we are informed, a bishop of Dol, in Brittany, who had in view the conversion of the neighbouring islands to the Christian faith; and, as a preparation for the work, the old gentleman shut himself up in Sark to enjoy a little private meditation. There he built himself a chapel and mo-

nastery. Whether, having once got in, the reverend father found it a hard matter to get out again, and so remained a solitary prisoner to the end of his days, history says not. For a considerable period subsequent to the decease of the bishop, Sark was as desolate an island as the veriest hermit could have desired; but it was a desolation of a peculiar character; for the seas around it, and the nearest islands were, if not filled with life and bustle, at anyrate tolerably busy for quiet times like these; and no doubt many a passing vessel carried a shuddering crew as she ran by the frowning cliffs and roaring caves of Sark.

Of the tradition I am about to relate there are two or three differing accounts. All agree upon the remarkable manner in which the exploit was conducted, but differ with regard to the time and persons engaged therein. A sketch of events in chronological order will give us an outline of both accounts.

The next occupants were a horde of pirates, who, protected by the nature of the coast from all aggression, and possessing themselves of the requisite intimate knowledge of its dangers, were able to pursue their iniquitous trade to an extent which made them the terror of the Channel. The island itself was the destroyer of perhaps more vessels and men than the pirates, as, in stormy weather, they exhibited false lights and beacons, which only too successfully decoyed ships into their power, or caused their ruin upon the iron-bound shores. The havoc committed was so extensive, as to prove a material hindrance and injury to the trade of these parts, and it was determined by the merchants of Rye and Winchelsea, who had probably been among the severest sufferers, to send out an expedition to exterminate the pirates without mercy. If these were really the actors in the succeeding drama, it will tell by what means they accomplished their end.

Sir Walter Raleigh, and some annalists of the Channel Island events, record that, after the expulsion of the pirates, Sark was for some time once more left to its primitive desolation and solitude, until, in fact, the reign of Edward VI. During that monarch's reign, however, it was seized by the French, who performed a work of considerable supererogation in fortifying the island by the erection of two forts thereon; and thus, as Sir Walter Raleigh says, could have held out 'against the grand Turk himself,' there being a sufficient quantity of cultivated ground to support the men necessary for its defence in perpetuity. The French, availing themselves of their invincible position, harassed the English traders, and did serious damage to the Channel traffic, making descents, to the great loss and terror of the inhabitants, also upon the neighbouring islands. No open military efforts appear to have been made to dislodge them from their citadel. If made, they were futile; and, in truth, it was probably perceived that all chance of success by other means than stratagetic was wholly nugatory. In the reign of Mary, some bold Flemings, subjects of Philip her husband, headed by a gentleman from the Netherlands, undertook the work, and immediately set forth on the expedition. Whether the Winchelsea and Rye merchants, or Flemings, have the legitimate claim to the merit of the action, I am unable to determine: either account is sufficient for my purpose in the present place.

A single ship anchored before Sark, having all the appearance of a merchant vessel, which excited an unusual commotion and surprise among the vigilant inhabitants of the island: her sails were hauled down, and preparations were made on board for a temporary stay. There was something particularly alarming in all this; but it was carefully remarked by the look-out on shore, that no weapon of offence was visible on deck, or in the hands of the seamen. There were all sorts of conjectures as to the object of the arrival, and the most sedulous preparations were made by the Sarkese for a vigorous defence in the event of any attack upon the island. Nothing, however, appeared to be farther from the minds of the occupants of the ship. A white

flag waved from her top, and every demonstration of a pacific nature was exhibited. But the Sarkese were not without the strongest suspicions of treachery; and when they beheld a boat leave the side of the vessel with a white flag at her bow, and containing only a few sailors, and make for the rocks, which formed the only landing-place, they crowded to meet them with loadedarquebuses and other weapons of offence. The sailors, however, making parade of their defenceless condition, were permitted to approach within earshot of the rocks, and then explained the object of their visit. A comrade, a good son of the Catholic church, had died on board a day or two previously. Their vessel was outward bound; they might not, within a considerable period, touch at any part where there was consecrated ground, and they prayed permission to inter his remains in the little chapel erected by the pious hands of the bishop already mentioned. No weapon should be brought on shore, and, in return for the permission, a present would be made of such commodities as they had on board: their only object was, that the bones of their departed friend might be committed, not to the mercy of the waves, but to a peaceful rest in the holy chapel. Accessible through their religious feelings to this demand, the Sarkese were nevertheless somewhat suspicious; but the seamen acted their parts with so much simple earnestness, and they had already given such a striking evidence of the perfect harmlessness of their intentions, in voluntarily throwing themselves into the power of the others, that permission was at length given, upon the express condition, however, that not so much as a 'pocket-knife' would be allowed to be brought on shore—a condition which obtained the readiest assent from the men, who returned to the ship, concealing their exultation, until beyond the reach of detection, at the partial success of their adventure.

On shipboard that night a goodly-sized coffin, which, in anticipation of the mournful event, had been prepared, was filled, not with the cold remains of their comrade—an individual of fictitious origin altogether—but with a large number of swords, targets, and harquebuses, carefully packed, to provide against any risk of detection by their rattle, over which the coffin lid was secured, but in such a manner as to admit of its ready removal. The next day saw the boat leave the ship with a few more men than on the previous occasion, containing in her centre the coffin, covered by a flag, and having in its interior the pseudo corpse. It was met by the Sarkese at the landing-place—nothing more than a few rude steps cut into the face of the cliff; and each man was permitted to leave the boat only after undergoing a rigid search. All suspicion was at rest with the Sarkese, who, after crossing themselves with devout diligence, proceeded to give assistance to the removal of the coffin. To the invaders this was a particularly anxious time, as it was absolutely necessary that none of the islanders should have any idea of its weight. Long ropes had been provided, as, from the precipitous nature of the place, it was requisite to draw the coffin up the rocks; and the seamen, taking great care that none of the Sarkese should lend a hand to the work, with hearts, as may well be conjectured, full of the most painful excitement, eventually, after the greatest difficulty, and by an amount of exertion the more painful, from the necessity of its concealment, succeeded in effecting its safe landing upon the summit of the rock. The men drew a long breath: one of the most formidable of their difficulties had been overcome, and they began to make arrangements for the completion of the funeral ceremony. The Sarkese despatched a body of men to secure the boat, while the rest accompanied their visitors, who shouldered the coffin with a solemnity becoming the supposed character of the occasion, and, with much of the semblance of unfeigned sorrow, carried the remains towards the burial-place.

Those of the Sarkese who had secured the boat, then

pulled towards the ship in anticipation of the promised commodities, and, without a dream of treachery, on arriving at the vessel, clambered up her sides. As soon as they touched her deck, a number of seamen rushed upon them, disarmed them without a blow, and bound them together and to the deck by heavy manacles. A party then entered the boat, and rowed hard for shore, to the rescue and assistance of their companions engaged in the funeral obsequies.

These, being at the head of the procession, proceeded at a steady pace until within a short distance of the chapel, where they quickened their steps. All had entered before the arrival of the Sarkese, who had followed them. The pregnant coffin was set down, the chapel door closed and fastened, the coffin lid was rapidly removed, its contents drawn forth, the men arming as silently and swiftly as possible, and by the time the Sarkese had arrived at the chapel, there was a company of men armed to the teeth ready to salute them. The chapel door was unfastened; and the Sarkese, to their horror and amazement, received their first intimation of the real object of the mourners in a furious attack, before which they fell like sheep.

The suddenness of the onset took away all power from the men, and they fled with the wildest precipitation from before the murderous weapons of their assailants. A few, of bolder hearts, made a short defence, but were swept down by the swords of their enemies. The rest flew hither and thither; and, rendered almost senseless by surprise, some plunged with mad haste into the yawning abysses around the island. Others, more wisely perceiving all efforts at defence and escape to be alike in vain, surrendered themselves to their victors. In a word, the island was depopulated, and the Channel Islands ridged of one of the most serious and mischievous annoyances to which their trade and security had ever been subject.

The foregoing adventure, however much partaking of the character of a romance, rests upon evidence sufficient to assert its credibility in the most complete manner; and, moral considerations apart, there can be no doubt that the projector and executor of this *coup de main* must have been, in the words of Sir Walter Raleigh, 'a bold and very ingenious gentleman.'

PROPER NAMES IN POETRY.

WHILE perusing the works of the best poets, we often find—apart from all that strictly belongs to the subject—a charm in the proper names and the manner in which they are introduced. The very sound of these names is felt to be beautiful. Beautifully do they blend with the liquid measure; still more beautiful are the associations which they awaken. Word after word meets our eye as we read, recalling the tasks of our schoolboy days, the well-thumbed volume over which we pored wearily, little anticipating the pleasures we were storing up for a future day. Here a name, long buried beneath the accumulating mass of diurnal cares and duties, starts out in relief, and reminds us of our early lessons, when for us all history was true, and our sympathies were all on the side of the world-conquering legions of Rome. We remember many feats of heroic bravery and inflexible virtue, and feel glad when, in after-life, we meet the names of the actors perpetuated in poetry. Sometimes with the recollection of the studies comes the memory of many of the happiest of our youthful days—of visits and journeys in sunshiny weather, interwoven with achievements of the ancient time. Some of the names we not unfrequently read are connected in our minds with whatever is great and glorious. The orator quotes them when fanning with his eloquence the slumbering fire of patriotism; the statesman and philosopher cite them as noble and enduring specimens of human genius; and the historian records them as examples worthy of our admiration and imitation—

'A thing of beauty is a joy for ever.'

The names of places which have been the scene of

great events, of objects linking the present with the past, of countries where thought has shaped itself into matchless forms and immortal deeds, possess the same charm as the names of persons. What a brilliant page of history opens before us on reading Byron's lines!—

'The mountains look on Marathon,
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might yet be free;
For, standing on the Persian's grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.'

And further on—

'Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylae!'

startles us by the ease with which the accent lends itself to the rhyme, while we recollect the thrill with which we first read of the little devoted band of Spartans contending, in the narrow defile, against the overwhelming hosts of Xerxes. And what a flood of associations, so to speak, rushes upon us with the lines in the splendid apostrophe to the Ocean!—

'Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?'

We are carried back to the infancy of society and of empire; to our Biblical lessons; to the Punic wars, Hannibal, Regulus, Marius; to the beautiful in art, the sublime in philosophy, and wondrous in fable.

In another place we feel the almost magical effect of the introduction of the names of persons—

'Oh for one hour of blind old Dandolo!
The octogenarian chief, Byzantium's conquering foe!'

evoking from the past the deadly struggle between the haughty Venetian and indomitable Turk. Nor do the names lose any of their charm when connected with the more peaceful and humanising pursuit of literature and science. In one place the poet speaks of the 'starry Galileo,' and presently we read—

'The friend of Petrarch—hope of Italy—
Rienai! last of Romans!'

And elsewhere—

'Alas for Tully's voice, and Virgil's lay,
And Livy's pictured page!'

Dryden's writings, among which 'Alexander's Feast' may be instanced, contain numerous examples of the happy introduction of proper names; and the vast and exuberant mind of Milton has heaped them together in his immortal poems, where every word is a picture. How much of Hebrew history lies in these lines from *Paradise Lost*!—

'Reared in Asotus, drenched through the coast
Of Palestine, in Gath, and Ascalon,
And Accaron and Gasa's frontier bounds,
Him followed Rimmon, whose delightful seat
Was fair Damascus, on the fertile banks
Of Abbana and Pharpar, lucid streams.'

And of classic memories in stray gleanings from the *Paradise Regained*, where 'Athens' is described as 'the eye of Greece, mother of arts':—

'See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long:
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Iliac rolls
His whispering stream.'

Among our earlier poets, Spenser abounds in beautiful examples of the truth we are attempting to illustrate. It is scarcely possible to turn over the leaves of the *Faery Queen* without confessing the art displayed in the introduction of proper names. But there is one portion of this musical poem which more particularly applies to our present purpose: we refer to the marriage of the Medway and the Thames, where the bard, contemplating his task of enumerating the principal rivers of the world, says—

'Oh, what an endless work have I in hand,
To count the sea's abundant progeny!'

How well he performs his work, let the following passage testify :—

'Great Ganges, and immortal Euphrates;
Deep Indus, and Meander intricate;
Slow Penus, and tempestuous Phasides;
Swift Rhone, and Alpheus still immaculate;
Araxes, famed for Great Cyrus' fate;
Tybris, renowned for the Romans' fame;
Rich Oranoch, though but known late;
And that huge river which doth bear the name
Of warlike Amazons, which do possess the same.'

In this verse we are carried into each of the four quarters of the world in succession, ending with the then recently-discovered Orinoco and Amazon, whose names are associated with Columbus and the daring adventurers of Spain. But the poet comes back to his own island, and sings—

'Next there came Tyne, along whose stony bank
That Roman monarch built a brazen wall,
Which made the feebled Britons strongly flank
Against the Picts, that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Ganga ever they do call;
And Tweed, the limit betwixt Logris' land
And Albany; and Eden, though but small,
Yet often stained with blood of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tinted on his strand.'

Many portions of Drayton's Polydoron are of a similar character: the stately metre is well adapted for the display of the famous names which he introduces, while chanting the praises of the Trent—

'She takes into her train rich Dove, and Darwin clear—
Darwin, whose font and fall are both in Derbyshire;
And of those thirty floods that wait the Trent upon,
Doth stand without compare, the very paragon.'

And further on, in a comparison with other streams, he says—

'What rock is it, let great Thames, since by his fortune he
Is sovereign of us all that here in Britain be,
From Isis and old Tame his pedigree derive;
And for the second place, proud Severn that doth strive,
Fetch her descent from Wales, from that proud mountain sprung,
Pinmillon, whose praise is frequent them among.'

Not less spirited is one of the same writer's sonnets, in which he trips lightly from flood to flood, combining, within the compass of a few lines, a thousand historical and poetical associations—the haunts of Robin Hood and his merry men, the invasions of the old sea-kings in their swift-rowing galleys, fends and forays on the borders, ere men had learned that life offered higher duties and pleasures than fighting :—

'Our flood's queen, Thames, for ships and swans is crowned;
And stately Severn for her shore is praised;
The crystal Trent, for fens and fish renowned;
And Avon's fame to Albion's cliffs is raised.
Carleigian Chester vaunts her holy Dee;
York many wonders of her Ouse can tell;
The Peak, her Dove, whose banks so fertile be;
And Kent will say her Medway doth excel.
Cotswold commends her Isis to the Thames;
Our northern borders boast of Tweed's fair flood;
Our western parts excel their Willy's fame;
And the old Lea brags of the Danish blood.'

Of a different character are the Castle of Indolence of Thomson, and Falconer's Shipwreck; yet they afford many rare instances of the power of verbal association. Nor are the writings of Miss Barrett and Alfred Tennyson devoid of similar beauties; they show us a marvellous plasticity in the apparently most unmetrical words and phrases. Campbell's stirring poem on the battle of Hohenlinden, Collins's Ode to the Passions, and some of Gray's productions, present other varieties of effect, which may be extended through the whole range of poetry. Rogers has some pleasing combinations in the Pleasures of Memory, verifying one of his own poetic truths, that 'kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire,' in a few graceful lines—

'And hence the charm historic scenes impart;
Rome's Tiber flows, and Avon melts the heart.
Astral fountains in Pompeii's classic vale
Gleam through the gloom, and whisper in the gale;
In wild Vesuvius with lava and lava dwell,
And watch and weep in Fieschi's cell.'

* Were killed.

Burns, again, Scotland's peasant bard, was a master of the vernacular of proper names, which, in his alternating mood, he strung together without any apparent regard to symmetry. Yet how great is their charm, whether found in some of his energetic sarcasms or glowing aspirations! How the effect of his patriotic songs is heightened by the introduction of proper names, let those tell who have sung them on the heath-clad hills of his native country. With what truth does he sing of three brother poets in Coila's address!—

'Thou canst not learn, nor can I show,
To paint with Thomson's landscape glow;
Or wake the bosom-melting throes,
With Shenstone's art;
Or pour, with Gray, the moving flow
Warm on the heart.'

The writings of Scott abound in picturesque examples of the magic of association; a whole history, the memory of a life, are often conveyed in a single word. We are told that a great portion of Marmion was composed while the author was galloping up and down on the sea-shore at Musselburgh; and, judging from the lively and musical 'cadency' of the poem, we may believe that it was written with but little of what Butler calls 'the drudgery of brains.' We who live in the south, well remember the delight with which we read the lines—

'And now the vessel skirts the strand
Of mountainous Northumberland.'

The latter word brought the whole border county before us, as we had often longed to see it: its rocky shores and ruined castles, broad fells and lofty hills, bright and tortuous streams, Chery-Chase and the Cheviots, all flashed at once on our mental eye. The same effect would not have been produced in reading prose. It seems that measure and harmony are needed for the effectual working of the spell. We have since walked through the county in its length and breadth, and felt that all the glorious associations connected with the romantic scenery were heightened by having been tuned into poetry.

But to return to Scott. His description of the scene viewed by Marmion from the top of Blackford Hill, affords numerous instances of the beautiful and suggestive effect of names; and again, in reply to the 'royal vaunt,' when the haughty lord declares—

'But Nottingham has archers good,
And Yorkshire men are stern of mood;
Northumbrian prickers wild and rude,
On Derby Hills the paths are steep;
In Ouse and Tyne the fords are deep;'

we feel that the true characteristics are preserved, and that, were the names changed or transposed, the whole of the charm would be lost. The same spirit runs through the succeeding cantos. The camp, Lady Heron's song, the 'awful summons' from the cross at Edinburgh, the fatal battle of Flodden, acquire new life from the distinctive appellations scattered through them. Neither are the introductions to the cantos deficient in examples of a different character. Who has not felt a genial glow while reading the lines—

'On Christmas eve the bells were rung,
On Christmas eve the mass was sung.'

The finest portions of Scotland's magnificent scenery are enshrined by name in the poems of this writer. It would be easy to multiply instances, were it not better that readers should have the pleasure of discovering them for themselves. His ballad poetry, too, is singularly effective, and partakes much of the simple beauty of the old English writers, whose productions were the result of the poetical genius and temperament of a people yet untrammelled by scientific theories and matters of fact. When the bards and skalds of the early ages were the only historians, the names and exploits of their heroes were associated in songs of vivid and eloquent poetry, heightened by the figurative language of a race innocent of all philosophy save the right

of might. Some portion of their spirit has, however, come down to our own times. In the *Lays of Ancient Rome*, by Mr Macaulay, the metrical romances are revived—the ballad poets of the seven-hilled city reappear to chant their measured histories. The sonorous Latin names tell with surprising effect, and adapt themselves beautifully to the flow of the verse. We select a passage from the defence of the bridge by Horatius Cocles and his two brave companions against the three Tuscan chiefs, advancing from the invading ranks of Porsena:—

'Then Ocnus of Falerii
Rushed on the Roman three;
And Lancelus of Urge,
The rover of the sea;
And Aruns of Volturnum,
Who slew the great wild boar,
The great wild boar that had his den
Amidst the reeds of Coan's fen,
And wasted fields, and slaughtered men,
Along Albinia's shore.'

Equally effective is the prayer of Horatius, as he plunges into the river after the fall of the bridge:—

'Oh, Tiber, Father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman's life, a Roman's arms,
Take thou in charge this day'

In the *War of the League*, by the same author, many fine effects occur; but perhaps the most interesting is his noble poem on the arrival of the Spanish Armada off the shores of England, recalling many glorious associations; while the native Saxon names fall into the metre not less appropriately than the majestic Latin. The poem opens with the arrival of a merchant ship at Plymouth, the crew of which had seen the Spanish fleet at sunrise off Cape La Hogue, sailing up the channel with

'The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.'

Active measures for defence, keeping a look-out on the enemy, and to despatch the news inland, are immediately taken. 'The stout old sheriff' comes with his guard, and plants the royal standard as

'Night sank upon the dusky beach, and on the purple sea—
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.'

The movements consequent on the rapid diffusion of the intelligence by means of beacon fires are finely described:—

'From Eddystone to Barwick bounds, from Lynn to Milford bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east, and swift to west, the warning radiance spread;
High on St Michael's Mount it shone—it shone on Beachy Head.'

The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged ruiners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves.
O'er Longleaf's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew;
It roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Boschen.

The news reaches London, from whence it speeds without a pause to every quarter of the island. The rapid succession of proper names renders the concluding portion peculiarly effective: county after county comes before the mental vision as we read:—

'And eastward straight, from wild Blackheath, the warlike errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still;
All night from tower to tower they sprang—they sprang from hill to hill,
Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwin's rocky dale—
Till like volucres flared to heaven the stormy hills of Wales—
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lovely height—
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light—
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain—
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent—
Till Skidaw saw the fire that burned on Osney's embattled pile,
And the red glare on Skidaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.'

The beauty and effect of those lines are perfect, and

bring the great historical event in full reality before us. Each name, as it occurs, embodies a host of associations, and as the eloquent author, in another place, truly observes—'Its effect is produced not so much by what it expresses, as by what it suggests; not so much by the ideas which it directly conveys, as by other ideas which are connected with them.'

BEGINNINGS OF IMPROVEMENT.

At present, as is pretty well known, there is a general move on the subject of improving the ventilation and sewerage of towns, the establishment of public baths, and the erection of salubrious and comfortable dwellings for the operative classes—the necessity for which improvements has been repeatedly shown in the present Journal. The movement, widely as it has spread, cannot be said to have assumed any practical character, except in Liverpool and London, and even there it is yet but feebly developed. There has been much speculation, associations have in different places been formed, and money has been collected; but, in the main, up till this moment little has been actually done. Lamenting this tardiness of action, we cannot but feel thankful that the subject, in its various ramifications, has been agitated so widely. If the 'Health of Towns Commission' has done nothing more than issue blue-books and concoct bills, it has at least the merit of disseminating information and stimulating thought on matters of vital importance to the community.

During a late excursion in the south, I made a few personal inquiries and examinations as to what is really doing in the way of improving the public health. At Liverpool no improved kind of houses, as far as I could hear of, have yet been got up; and there large masses of the humbler classes still live in cellars. The town has, however, taken a start as to baths and wash-houses at a low charge. The baths are crowded, and the wash-houses, at which a family's clothing is cleaned at an insignificant charge, are fully occupied. At the beginning of July an interesting report from the committee of the baths and wash-houses was laid before the town-council, from which we glean the following expressive facts:—The number of baths used during the first year has been, 'warm baths—men, 13,163; women, 1551. Cold—men, 3065; women, 788: making a total altogether of 20,567. The receipts were £289: being an increase over 1845 of 6763 baths, and £103. In the wash-house department there were 12,977 tubs used, and 24,095 dozens of clothes washed. The total receipts for baths and washing, amounting to £437. 2s. 6d., are greater than those of any former year since the opening of the establishment, and are £104. 6s. 6d. more than in 1845. They exceed the expenditure, which is £428. 9s. 8d., by £8. 12s. 10d. Of the expenses, £78 is for additions and alterations. The receipts from the baths have increased, notwithstanding the reduction in the price of low-class baths, in September last, from 2d. to 1d. for a cold, and from 3d. to 2d. for a warm bath. Mr Timme dwelt at some length on the increase in the number of bathers, manifest from the above report, and stated that, during the last four weeks, there had been in each respectively no fewer than 1081, 936, 918, and 822; and the baths being insufficient to accommodate the numerous applicants, upwards of 100 persons had been sent away in one morning without bathing. Seeing, then, the increased demand for the use of those baths made by the public, the council would not only be neglecting their duty by doing anything which may check their efficiency, but also if they did not try every means to increase the accommodation. Nothing appeared to him to present a more legitimate use for the corporation funds than the multiplication of institutions so important to the health and comfort of the inhabitants; and he therefore gave notice that at a future council he should propose a motion for the erection of an additional number of baths, to be conducted on the same principle.'

A clergyman of Liverpool, in a letter to the Times, gives his testimony in favour of all general suppositions on the subject; that the establishment of these baths and wash-houses has been attended with moral as well as physical advantages to the humbler classes; and he expects that, by further extensions of such establishments, a sensible impression will be made on the condition of the population. 'A labourer or mechanic,' he very properly argues, 'accustomed to disregard his personal cleanliness, the tenant of a wretched house, unhealthy and immoral, learns from a fellow-workman of the baths. He is induced to go on the Saturday evening to them, expresses himself delighted and refreshed, and declares that he is fit for another week's work. I need not say that he bathes again: the habit is induced. He then finds his home unsuitable to his newly-acquired taste; his wife, who, if she continue to be slovenly, would drive her husband from home, sees the necessity of a change, and it follows, the family are clean; and they who a little before were filthy, and in rags, and could tell their ministers that this prevented their attendance at the church of the district, can now, on the Sunday, be amongst those who frequent the house of God.'

In London, which is usually more difficult to move than any city of lesser dimensions, several societies have been established with the professed view of improving the public health. One of these, entitled 'The Metropolitan Working-Classes' Association,' has issued two addresses, of which a large number has been dispersed. How interesting is it to hear a handful of working-men addressing their less-instructed companions in the following emphatic language:

'Why is there so much disease among us? Because, in numbers of things, we do just what by our nature we were never meant to do. For example:

'1st, Man is intended to draw in fresh air every time he breathes. Almost all people, when in their houses, and the working-people in their shops, breathe the same air over and over again. To show the necessity of allowing fresh air continually to enter living rooms, and the bad air to escape, it may be stated that every person, during each minute of his life, destroys a quantity of air twice as large as himself.

'2d, Man ought to breathe pure air at every breath. Our sewers and drains are so bad, that the vapours and foul gases rise, and we breathe them.

'3d, Man was intended to take exercise in the open air every day. Neither his heart, his stomach and bowels, his liver, his skin, his lungs, his kidneys, nor his brain, will act rightly without walking exercise every day. Most of us do not get any walk, or only a very short one, which is scarcely of any use.

'4th, Man is formed to take simple, plain, wholesome food. He eats all sorts of things, which not only do him no good, but do him harm; and he drinks large quantities of beer, spirits, and wine, which hurt his stomach, and take away the proper use of his brain.

'5th, Man ought to wash himself all over with water every day, so as to cleanse the pores of the skin, else they get stopped up; he cannot perspire rightly, and his skin cannot breathe. The majority of the people only wash their hands and faces every day.

'6th, Man should wear clean clothes next to his skin, because the body gives off bad fluids. At present, many people wear the same things day after day for weeks together.

'7th, Man was intended to live in the light. Many, very many, have scarcely any light in their rooms.

'8th, Man in this climate must wear warm clothing. Many have no flannel, and are clad with heavy and useless things.'

Recommendations follow as to how the families of working-men should attempt to live, and these include hints on bathing, washing, ventilation of dwellings, temperance, out-of-door exercise, and so forth. The necessity for government enforcing better drainage is also strongly insisted on. With respect to bathing, there is one great

difficulty. Where are there baths for many hundreds of thousands of people? London is such an enormous place, that not one or two, but dozens of establishments would be required to make any distinct impression on the population. Everything, however, needs a beginning, and this beginning has fortunately been made. Some time ago an experiment was made on a small scale in East Smithfield, in which the use of two single baths, and two washing-tubs, were offered gratuitously to all applicants. At the expiration of the half year recently concluded, it was found that the two baths had been used 13,538 times, and the two washing-tubs 15,543 times—a fact at least proving that the poor were not, on any general ground, unwilling to resort to a public bath and wash-house. Encouraged by this, as well as other experiments, a society, of which the bishop of London is president, has commenced a very effective-looking establishment in the north-western, but still a central part of the metropolis. This I went to see, and found it to consist of a continuous range of building, of one storey, surrounding a quadrangular space of ground on the Hampstead road. In the centre of the space is a large mound of earth, enclosing a reservoir of water, belonging to the New River Company, from which reservoir the establishment is to be supplied with water at a very small annual cost—the first six months for nothing. The entire range of building, erected on a plain and unexpensive scale, yet neat and comfortable in its arrangements, covers an extent of 14,000 square feet, being altogether 900 feet in length, and 22 feet in width.

Entering by the principal doorway in George Street, Euston Square, I was led through a covered passage to a lobby or receiving-room, from which corridors diverge to the right and left. Going first to the left, we find twenty separate apartments, each entering from the corridor, and containing single baths—cold, warm, or shower—for men. Of these, fourteen will be used at the charge of 1d., and the remaining six, having somewhat better fittings, at 2d. each time. Besides these, there is a range of ten superior baths for men, approached by a separate entrance and gallery, to be charged at the rate of 6d. About sixty gallons of cold fresh water, raised from springs two hundred feet below the surface, will be supplied, together with towels, to each bather. When, however, the same baths are required tepid or warm, the charges will, in each case, be double; namely, 2d., 4d., and 1s. Beyond the single baths, two tepid plunge or swimming baths, which are in the course of erection, will be speedily completed: one of them will be 36 feet by 18, and the other 60 feet by 20. They are to have different means of access, and to be charged respectively at 2d. and 6d. each person. This completes the left wing of the establishment. To the right of the receiving-room, arranged on a similar plan, and to be used on the same terms, are twelve baths for women, five of which are fitted up in a superior style. Another door from the receiving-room conducts, by a separate passage, to five very commodious apartments, each of which, arranged with every attention to neatness and comfort, contains a vapour and shower bath, the charge for which will be 1s. The washing department, occupying the remainder of the right wing of the establishment, has an entrance distinct from that to the baths. It consists of a long washing-room, in which are placed sixty double tubs, and a patent drying machine, a series of hot-air drying closets, an ironing-room, a mangling-room and six mangles, and a waiting-room. Each washing-tub is divided into two unequal parts, the larger one for washing in, whilst in the other linen may be boiled by means of a jet of steam thrown into the hot water at the bottom of the tub. The tubs are separated from one another by wooden partitions, so that the occupant of any tub may continue her labour without being interrupted or overlooked; and each compartment is provided with a shelf and other convenience. After being washed, the clothes are put into a machine, in which they are whirled round at a great

rate, and the water driven out of them. This apparatus, which serves the purpose of wringing, is a patent, and is employed successfully at asylums and other large establishments. The clothes are next hung up in drying-closets, which are supplied with currents of air, economically heated over the large furnace employed in warming the water for the baths and tubs. In situations adjacent to these accommodations are mangling machines, and also an ironing apparatus. For the use of everything, hot irons excepted, for the space of three hours, the charge is 1d., and with irons 2d.—a sum so trifling for the weekly washing and dressing of a family's garments, as not to be beyond the reach of even the most humble individual. In short, for the price of a quarten of gin, any mother may keep herself, her husband, and her children, in a state of cleanliness and comfort.

All this, then, is now in operation, and open daily to the inspection of the public. The only thing I would object to is, that the concern is founded on charitable subscription, which is a wrong basis, only to be in some measure excused from the experimental nature of the institution. There can be no hope of spreading such establishments over the metropolis, and over every other large town, unless they can be shown to pay as commercial undertakings. On this account we shall wait with some anxiety for the first annual report of the association.

In London, from what I could learn, there are two societies for improving the dwellings of the humbler classes—one of which, however, has not got beyond the talking stage. The other, entitled the 'Society for the Improvement of the Condition of the Labouring Classes,' under the patronage of the queen and many philanthropic individuals (committee room, 21 Exeter Hall), has advanced so far as to have a lot of buildings in actual operation. These I likewise went to see. The 'model houses,' as they are termed, are erected on a slip of ground between Gray's Inn Road and the Lower Road, Pentonville, near the east end of Guilford Street—rather a low-lying locality, but not insalubrious, and conveniently central. The committee, in their prospectus, make the following statement:—

'In the arrangement of these houses, the object has been to combine every point essential to the health, comfort, and moral habits of the industrious classes and their families, reference being had to the recommendations of the Health of Towns Commission, particularly with respect to ventilation, drainage, and an ample supply of water. The houses are of three different classes, and designed to accommodate in the whole twenty-three families and thirty single persons. 1. Nine of the families occupy each an entire house, with a living-room on the ground-floor, having an enclosed recess or closet large enough to receive beds for the youths of the family; two bed-rooms on the upper floor, and a small yard at the back: these houses are let at a rent of 6s. per week. 2. The remaining fourteen families are distributed in seven houses, each family occupying a floor of two rooms, with all requisite conveniences; and as the apartments on the upper floor are approached through an outer door distinct from that belonging to the lower floor, their respective occupants are thus kept entirely separate, and each floor is virtually a distinct dwelling. The rent paid by each family is 3s. 6d. per week. A wash-house, with drying-ground, is provided for the occasional use of the tenants of these houses at a small charge. 3. The centre building on the east side will accommodate thirty widows or females of advanced age, each having a room, with the use of a wash-house common to them all. The rent paid for each room is 1s. 6d. per week.'

That the houses, great and small, come up to these general explanations, is perhaps true; yet they fall considerably beneath what I had anticipated. They form a short alley of brick houses, consisting of a ground and upper storey; but so slender and Lilliputian in their proportions, that they are, in my opinion, anything but

models of what is desirable for all the operative classes in London. Diminutive, however, as they are in size, and limited as they are as to space, all is neat and orderly about them, and I have no doubt they are an advance on the confined and ill-provided habitations of the classes for whom they have been specially designed. The houses for the widows are each single rooms, entered from two long corridors, one below and another above, and the whole shut in by one outer door. A young woman who lived with her mother obligingly showed me their dwelling, which consisted of two of these apartments, for which they paid three shillings weekly—'just half,' she added, 'that she had formerly paid for a single and much worse room elsewhere.' Notwithstanding this cheapness, the committee speak confidently of realising 6 per cent. on the cost of the buildings, and $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the cost of the land, held on a lease of ninety-nine years. This handsome return, they expect, 'will encourage many benevolent individuals to promote the erection, in their own neighbourhood, of similar dwellings, and thereby conduce to the moral as well as the physical welfare of a large class of their poorer brethren, who at present have not the opportunity of bringing up their families with a due regard even to the decencies of life, and are thus placed in circumstances tending greatly to counteract the influence of all religious instruction.'

We should hope that these expectations will be realised, yet have serious doubts as to the society having adopted the proper means to bring them about. The great object of the movement is to show that the erection of good houses, to be let at moderate rents, will answer as a commercial undertaking; but to have done so with effect, the society should have started on the ordinary principles of trade, and not assumed an eleemosynary footing. From the prospectus before us, it appears that they have been favoured with subscriptions to the extent of £4800, and are promised certain payments annually—a method of raising capital against which no tradesman can compete, and the results of which can furnish no accurate data to encourage individual enterprise. It is not by begged money that the buildings of London are to be regenerated. This good deed must be the work of associations or of individuals proceeding on the plain and sound principles of trade; assisted by a general permissive act of the legislature, giving power to force any proprietor of an old building, which stands in the way of improvement, to sell it at its proper value, on cause being shown to a magistrate. Until such powers are imparted, there can be no hope of seeing anything like a clean sweep of the meaner class of houses, streets, and alleys of the metropolis; and to procure an act communicating these powers, all kinds of improvement associations, all who really wish a regeneration of dwellings for the operative classes, should direct their attention and energies.

THE TCHINGEL GLACIER.

[The writer of this paper introduces it in the following manner:— 'I observed, in your number for January, an account of the very difficult ascent of the Wetterhorn, undertaken by Mr. Speer. As a narrative of a somewhat similar expedition across one of the most unfrequented glaciers of Switzerland may not be uninteresting to some of your readers, I send you the following abridgment from the notes I made immediately after passing it in the summer of 1844.' He then proceeds:—]

OUR excursion was one that is rarely undertaken, and has, I believe, never before been described. This circumstance, together with the peculiarities of the route, may make the sketch of it bear somewhat the appearance of novelty, albeit it is laid in a country so thoroughly explored and described as Switzerland. The head of the valley of Lauterbrunnen is closed in by a part of the giant chain of Swiss Alps, whose summits are crowned eternally with snow, and whose sides are clad with ice. A pass of great height leads from the valley at right angles to it, and descends upon the village of Kaudersteg through the Gächinen Thal. Higher

up the valley, and leading on from its extremity, but thousands of feet above it, lies the great Tschingel Glacier. To visit this, and, if possible, to cross it, was our present object.

A walk of a few hours brought us to our destination for the evening; it led us past the fall of the Staubach, its waters swept away, as they fell, by distance and the wind, and also past that of the Schmadrösch, whose situation makes it the more picturesque of the two. A rude path at first, and soon after none at all, led us more than a thousand feet above the valley; sometimes among fir-trees, and sometimes through little streams, that trickled down to add their mite to the lake of Thun. At this height, on an open piece of turf, a single chalet is erected, to enable a herdsman to tend a few cows while they are at the pastures. Here the brawny Swiss, who was to be our host for the night, braves the weather annually, until the snow obliges him to descend, although he numbers sixty-seven years. A hay-loft above the cows served us for a sleeping apartment, till the dawn of morning warned us that it was time to depart.

But alas! the morning proved most unfavourable to our excursion. A fog had set in, so thick that we could see but a few paces in advance of us. We waited some hours, in hopes that the weather would clear; and this hope failing, we set off in the mist. Had we at that time been able fully to appreciate the danger of the route, we should have decided otherwise; but as the chamois-hunters, who acted as our guides on this occasion, declared themselves willing to proceed, we set off. For some distance our way lay along the side of a steep part of the mountain of the Steinberg, but the precipice was principally hid by the mist. Crossing several streams, which, in consequence of the steepness of the ground, tumbled almost in the manner of cascades, we arrived at a quantity of snow, the remains of an avalanche of considerable size. This we crossed, and then climbed, for the space of a quarter of an hour, a hill formed of the debris brought down by the waters from above. We now arrived at the lower part of the glacier. It was covered in great measure with snow, and formed a gently inclined plane. At the side were some traces of a moraine—as the mass of stones which the glacier, in its progress, brings down from the summit of the mountains is called. The last occasion on which the glacier had been crossed was early in the year. A considerable change had, in the meanwhile, taken place. The sloping nature of the ground beneath it had had its usual effect upon the ice. In its advance it had cracked, by reason of its own weight, and large impassable chasms had formed. Small streams of water were running through some of them. By keeping, however, the line of our route, and following the chinks to their head, we evaded those of greatest size. All this time the fog had been closing in, thicker and thicker, and we now held a council, to decide on our future plan. There are two ways of reaching the summit of the glacier: the one, by following its course, and passing under the Gletcher mountain, would have taken us by a sweep into the great plain of snow at the top; the other, by climbing the crags which skirt it, and cutting off the angle, would lead us to the same spot. The density of the fog, and the delay we had made at starting, seemed to require us to hasten our expedition. Having, therefore, sent on one of our party to reconnoitre, and finding that there were no streams, it was finally determined to proceed by this, the more rapid, but more dangerous way, and to climb the precipice, called by the chamois-hunters 'the step of the Tschingel.'

Leaving the glacier, for some time we mounted an acclivity formed by a downfall of shale and mud. It was so steep, that we were obliged to continue the ascent without ceasing, in order to prevent ourselves from sliding backwards. By this, we arrived at a place where Hannibal's expedient of destroying the rock with vinegar seemed necessary to be put into execution. The Tschingel

Schritt, which now lay before us, was apparently as impassable as any rock that reality or fiction could conjure up. It is a precipice altogether perpendicular; and along the top of it runs a narrow ledge, in face of the upper precipice, where there is bare room for the footing of one person at a time. Below lay the precipitous hill of shale, on which we could only stand with the assistance of our alpenstocks. To attempt to descend it again, would have been to court a difficulty much greater than we had already found in its ascent, on account of the softness of the material, which gave no hold to the footing. We saw, therefore, that our only way lay over the rock before us, there being no room for hesitation, had we for a moment doubted. Our position was, in fact, one of considerable danger. The hill on which we stood had gradually grown narrower in the ascent, after the form of a pyramid, till, at the top, it was only a few yards wide. Thus if, in climbing the precipice before us, we should slip, our fall would not be immediately upon the hill, but into the depth below, which continued one immense chasm of many hundred feet. From the face of the rock, here and there pieces of stone jutted out; of these, some were only a few inches in size, affording a very precarious footing. One or two were of more considerable dimensions. In stepping upon one of the latter, the youngest guide, perceiving that it trembled under him, struck it a few times with his foot. It shook, cracked, and gave way. It fell into the abyss below, rattling and echoing whenever it struck against the side of the rock, till the noise it made was lost in distance long before it reached the bottom. We looked in each other's faces, I believe, for an instant, and read in every countenance the expression of our own feelings. If another stone gave way, or if we missed our footing on the ledges, now rendered slippery by the moisture, or should the apprehension of the dizzy height unman us for an instant, we had already had evidence of the road we must follow. But the Rubicon was passed, and we had no choice but to proceed, without incurring a danger similar to that before us. However, the ascent did not seem so terrible at the moment. When I recall the nature of the precipice, and the attending difficulties, they appear far greater than they did at the time. I was too much occupied with attention to my footsteps; indeed the necessity of abstracting the mind from the more disagreeable view of it, acted as a very sufficient sedative. But when some of us were arrived at the top, and we were unable to see the rest in their perilous course, every moment beyond the time which was sufficient for their reappearance seemed to announce a fatal termination to the expedition.

Had it not been for what we had now passed, the farther ascent of the precipice above would have appeared sufficiently difficult. But if retreat had been in a manner dangerous before, it was now nearly cut off. We therefore proceeded with great care, but more alacrity, and soon after gained a greensward. A few sprigs of 'forget-me-not' had found their way to this spot, and were growing in spite of the cold and their proximity to heaven. We gathered some of the flowers, as we had a sort of right to them. They seemed hardly born to bloom for any one else, and were wasting their fragrance on the desert air. We did not long experience the easy travelling afforded by the turf. It soon ceased; and, after climbing over alternate beds of shale and rough rocks, we found ourselves on the snowy remains of another avalanche. It was steep and slippery, so that we had the uttermost difficulty in keeping our footing. Indeed, one of my friends and myself fell; but, with the never-failing assistance of the alpenstock, we stayed our downward slide after we had receded about ten yards. For about half an hour we continued this ascent, till on a sudden we turned into a plain of snow, one dazzling sheet of white. We now found that, had the fog continued, we should not have been able to cross this immense tract; and that, however dangerous our return might be, we should only have had the alternative of

attempting it, or of losing our way in boundless wastes of snow, more than nine thousand feet above the living world. But the fog had nearly disappeared. The prospect was one of the greatest sublimity. In front of us lay an apparently immeasurable tract of snow, on which, as yet, there was the print of no footstep. On the right, the huge aiguilles of the Blumli Alp rose with bare crags, too steep to retain any snow on their sides: on the left, the more sloping parts of the same mountain were clad entirely in white. Behind were the heights of the Gletcher, and the summit of the Jungfrau: below were the clouds.

As we stood for a few seconds, impressed with a feeling of the loneliness of the place, where we seemed to have reached the extremity of the earth, and were cut off from existence by the mists which lay between us and the world, we were reminded that even here the Creator has prepared an inhabitant to enjoy the work of his hands. Startled by the unwanted trespass on their haunts, a herd of chamois, fourteen in number, darted up from a hollow close to us, and began to ascend the black aiguilles of the Blumli with an agility which we at present envied. As soon as they had reached a sufficient height to set rifle at defiance, they turned round, and stood to look at us, as if in mockery of our want of ability to follow them; then, having satisfied their own and our curiosity, they darted off again, and were quickly lost amid impenetrable fastnesses.

And now began the real labours of the day. The snow lay many yards thick, covering the glacier. We sank into it ankle-deep, as we dragged our feet through it in silence. The cold was beginning to be felt severely in spite of the exercise. We had stopped a few minutes to take some bread and kirsch-wasser, but the cold warned us to proceed, and our repast was finished in motion. Nothing could be more laborious than our travel through the yielding snow. The more we exerted ourselves, the more we were retarded by the half-hard crispness, which gave way as soon as we trod heavily upon it. In this manner we continued forcing our way for an hour, and yet the summit of the inclined plane was apparently as far off as ever.

The difference between our immediate view of the Swiss Alps, and the appearance they bore at various distances, recurred to my mind, and made the present feel a yet more cutting frost. But it was not in imagination only that we felt the difference. My legs ached, and my feet were benumbed, so that I scarcely knew where I placed them. The higher we ascended the slopes, the more the snow increased in softness, and from ankle became nearly knee-deep. Our sufferings now became intense. Some of us began to feel the effect of the rarity of the atmosphere, occasioned by the great elevation at which we were arrived. Circulation had deserted my feet, and, aided by the nature of the air, the blood rushed to my head. My face became purple, I was deaf, my sight in a great measure failed me, and I plodded on mechanically, scarcely knowing or caring whither I went. As we descended on the other side, these sensations disappeared with all of us about the same place. At the summit, the hail fell with some violence for a while, and it rained the whole way down. Such is the general character of the 'land of mist and snow.' After traversing nine miles of it, we came upon the uncovered glacier. It was still a gently-sloping plane; but now it inclined towards the valley opposite to that by which we had first ascended. Thus the form of the whole glacier resembles a saddle bridging a gorge of the Blumli.

As, however, the inclination was not so great, so neither were the cracks so large, but they were more treacherous, in consequence of being sometimes partially covered with snow; and in one or two instances we felt the edges yielding as we crossed them, where we had supposed we were on firm ice. We were obliged, therefore, to feel our way at every step with our alpenstocks, and by this means escaped all danger. We soon left this part of the glacier, and trod by its side the firm

ledge of rocks which shut it in. After walking for half an hour, we came in full view of that part of it which empties itself into the valley. Nothing can compare with its beauty. Other glaciers fall infinitely short of it; and from the moment we beheld it, we no longer regretted the labour which brought us to it. I have seen nothing to equal it in the Mer de Glace at Chamounix, in the glaciers of Grindelwald, in the great glacier of the Rhone, or in those that lie in the neighbourhood of the Orteler-Spitz. Masses of ice 'mast high,' not, however, 'as green as emerald,' but of as rich an azure as ultramarine could paint them, formed the steep half-walk closing up the valley into which we were to descend. Here the glacier rose in crags and obelisks, in pinnacles and towers, broken and hurled into every form like a colossal mass of crystallisation.

Being now free from the extreme cold, we sat down on a wild promontory to enjoy the situation. Avalanches fell continually from the glacier and the neighbouring mountains; some thundering loudly near us, and others rumbling and echoing far away.

We had still a considerable journey before us. The descent, however, did not occupy much time. When we reached the valley, we walked for two hours through the very beautiful Gasterenthal, until the gorge suddenly opened into the plain in which stands the cheerful little village of Kandersteg, where we shortly arrived, cold, wet, hungry, and way-worn.

FACTS FOR THE CURIOUS.

UPWARDS of seven thousand tons of white gravel, says a New York paper, have been shipped from this city to London since the 15th of September 1845. It is taken from the beach at Long Island, and used to beautify the parks and gardens of London!

A striking instance of economic talent, says a writer in the British Quarterly Review, came to our knowledge in the district of Alston Moor. From the smelting earths of one 'house,' an arched tunnel conducts the smoke to an outlet at a distance from the works, in a waste spot, where no one can complain of it. The gathering matter or 'fume' resulting from the passage of the smoke is annually submitted to a process, by which at that time it yielded enough of lead to pay for the construction of a chimney. A similar tunnel-chimney, three miles in length, has been erected at Allendale. Its fumes will yield thousands of pounds sterling per annum. Truly, here it may be said that smoke does not end in smoke.

Masses of iron and nickel, having all the appearance of aerolites or meteoric stones, have been discovered in Siberia, at a depth of ten metres below the surface of the earth. From the fact, however, that no meteoric stones are found in the secondary and tertiary formations, it would seem to follow that the phenomena of falling stones did not take place till the earth assumed its present conditions.

We have been favoured, says the editor of the Civil Engineers' Journal, with a view of the plans of the Grand Junction Extension Railway, from Aston-Grange to Ayrton; and also with those for the bridge in connexion therewith, to cross the river Mersey at Runcorn. Our readers may form some idea of its magnitude, when we state that there are to be five wet arches of 390 feet span, 100 feet above high-water mark at spring tides, and one hundred and sixty-eight dry arches of 30 feet span, and 51 feet high; making a total of 2490 yards of arching, which will be, when completed, the greatest work of the kind in Europe.

In a recent communication in the New-haven Courier (United States newspaper), respecting some instances of houses being struck by lightning, Professor Silliman states that the lightning-rod cannot be relied upon, unless they reach the earth where it is permanently wet; and that the best security is afforded by carrying the rod, or some good metallic conductor duly connected with it, to the water in the well, or to some other water that never fails. The professor's house, it seems, was struck; but his lightning-rod were not more than two or three inches in the ground, and were therefore virtually of no avail in protecting the house. He states that his confidence in the efficiency of rods is in no degree diminished.

Till within the last twelve or fifteen years, the only

source of the beautiful pigment—ultramarine—was the rare mineral, *lapis lazuli*; now it is manufactured artificially to a very considerable extent on the continent. Formerly, the price of the finest ultramarine was as high as five guineas an ounce; now the same quantity can be purchased for a few shillings.

In the duchy of Luxembourg a well is being sunk, the depth of which surpasses all others of the kind. Its present depth is 2336 feet—nearly 984 feet more than that of La Grenelle, near Paris. It is said that this immense work has been undertaken for working a large stratum of rock-salt.

Some experiments have of late been made with a submarine boat, constructed after the plan of Dr Payenne, and called by him *bateau cloche* (bell-ship). It is made of iron, and to be seen near the Pont Royal at Paris, where it is now moored. On its last experimental trip, eleven persons were on board, and the craft passed (invisibly to the public) through the space between the Pont Royal and La Concorde. None of the passengers, it is said, felt the least inconvenience during the submarine trip.

It appears, from the researches of Professor Miquel, that the 'manna' which fell in the province of Van, in Asia Minor, in 1845, consisted of fragments of *Lichen esculentus*. These must have been torn from their woods by a storm, and carried through the air to the places where they fell.

PICTURE OF A MARQUESS.

Kory-Kory, though the most devoted and best-natured serving-man in the world, was, alas! a hideous object to look upon. He was some twenty-five years of age, and about six feet in height, robust, and well made, but of the most extraordinary aspect. His head was carefully shaven, with the exception of two circular spots, about the size of a dollar, near the top of the cranium, where the hair, permitted to grow of an amazing length, was twisted up in two prominent knots, that gave him the appearance of being decorated with a pair of horns. His beard, plucked out by the roots from every other part of his face, was suffered to drop in hairy pendants, two of which garnished his upper lip, and an equal number hung from the extremity of his chin. Kory-Kory, with a view of improving the handiwork of nature, and perhaps prompted by a desire to add to the engaging expression of his countenance, had seen fit to embellish his face with three broad longitudinal strips of tattooing, which, like those country roads that go straight forward in defiance of all obstacles, crossed his nasal organ, descended into the hollow of his eyes, and even skirted the borders of his mouth. Each completely spanned his physiognomy; one extending in a line with his eyes, another crossing the face in the vicinity of the nose, and the third sweeping along his lips from ear to ear. His countenance, thus triply hooped, as it were, with tattooing, always reminded me of those unhappy wretches whom I have sometimes observed gazing out sentimentally from behind the grated bars of a prison window; whilst the entire body of my savage valet, covered all over with representations of birds and fishes, and a variety of most unaccountable-looking creatures, suggested to me the idea of a pictorial museum of natural history, or an illustrated 'Goldsmith's Animated Nature.'—*Melville's Residence in the Marquesas.*

PRICE OF LAND IN GERMANY.

The pride of the German peasant is to be a small land-owner. The sacrifices made to gratify this longing are incredible, as is the tenacity with which he clings to his land in all changes of fortune. The price paid for small lots of land in the valley of the Wupper and the adjoining districts would frighten an English farmer. From 500 to 700 dollars per morgen, or £117 to £150 per acre, is no unusual price for arable and meadow land. What interest he gets for his investment seems never to cross a peasant's mind. The rent of small patches adjoining these houses is not proportionately high, although dear enough; ten or twelve dollars per morgen (£2, 16s. or £3 per acre) is constantly paid in situations remote from the influence of towns. Building sites, especially those favourable for trade or manufactures, sell also as high as in England. The sum of 3000 dollars was paid a few years back for about an acre and a half of ground, on which some zinc works now stand, at Duisburg. This was equal to £500 per acre.—*Barfield's Industry of the Rhine.*

CONSIDER THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

MATTHEW VI. 28.

SWEET nurlings of the vernal skies,
Bathed in soft airs, and fed with dew,
What more than magic in you lies
To fill the heart's fond view?

In childhood's sports, companions gay:
In sorrow, on life's downward way,
How soothing!—in our last decay,
Memorials prompt and true.

Relice ye are of Eden's bowers;
As pure, as fragrant, and as fair
As when ye crowned the sunshine hours
Of happy wanderers there.
Fall'n all beside—the world of life,
How is it stained with fear and strife!
In Reason's world what storms are rife,
What passions range and glare!

But cheerful and unchanged the while,
Your first and perfect form ye show;
The same that won Eve's matron smile
In the world's opening glow.
The stars of heaven a course are taught
Too high above our human thought;
Ye may be found, if ye are sought,
And as we gaze, we know.

Ye dwell beside our paths and homes,
Our paths of sin, our homes of sorrow;
And guilty man, where'er he roams,
Your innocent mirth may borrow.
The birds of air before us fleet,
They cannot brook our shame to meet;
But we may taste your solace sweet,
And come again to-morrow.

Ye fearless in your nests abide;
Nor may we scorn, too proudly wise,
Your silent lessons, undescried
By all but lowly eyes;
For ye could draw the admiring gaze
Of Him who worlds and hearts surveys:
Your order wild, your fragrant maze,
He taught us how to prize.

Ye felt your Maker's smile that hour,
As when he paused and owned you good;
His blessing on earth's primal hour
Ye felt it all renewed.
What care ye now if winter's storm
Sweep ruthless o'er each silken form?
Christ's blessing at your heart is warm;
Ye fear no vexing mood.

Alas! of thousand bosoms kind
That daily court you and caress,
How few the happy secret find
Of your calm liveliness!
'Live for to-day! to-morrow's light
To-morrow's care will bring to sight;
Go, sleep like closing flowers at night,
And Heaven thy morn will bless.'

—The Christian Year.

MARITIME ENTERPRISE.

Nothing is more remarkable than that wonderful pertinacity in enterprise which maritime pursuits seem to have some peculiar power to generate. Sea-sickness is not so soon forgotten by a young traveller on his first tour, when ordered dinner at Dessin's, as shipwreck, nipping, mosquitoes, the digestion of *tripe de roche* and old shoes, and all the other sad incidents of arctic exploration, by such men as Franklin, Back, and Richardson. In the collection of the College of Surgeons may be seen the fragment of a studding-sail boom, the iron end of which, blunt and cylindrical, once pinned to the deck an unfortunate sailor youth, entering somewhere near the pit of the stomach, making a sort of north-west passage between the heart and the lungs, and issuing at the back into the oak plank below. He was cured, and the interest of the case induced the member of the college who attended it to give him, when convalescent, employment as a servant. Ease and comfort were of no avail, and as little the reminiscence of his accident. He returned to the sea, has since swum ashore from shipwreck, and is, we doubt not, if alive, still a sailor.—*Quarterly Review.*

Published by W. and R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh (also 26, Miller Street, Glasgow); and, with their permission, by W. & O. OAK, Amen Corner, London.—Printed by BRADBURY AND EVANS, Whitechapel, London.